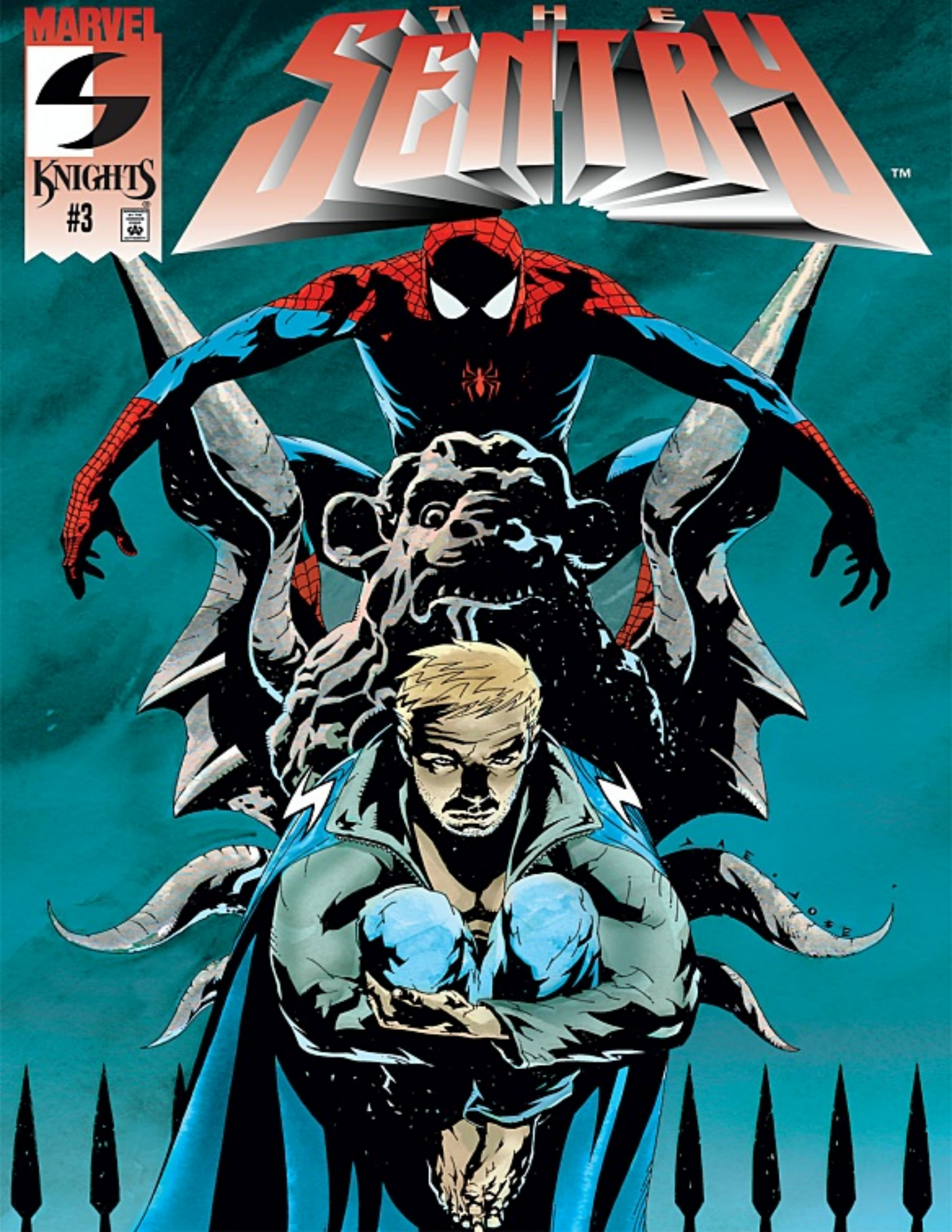
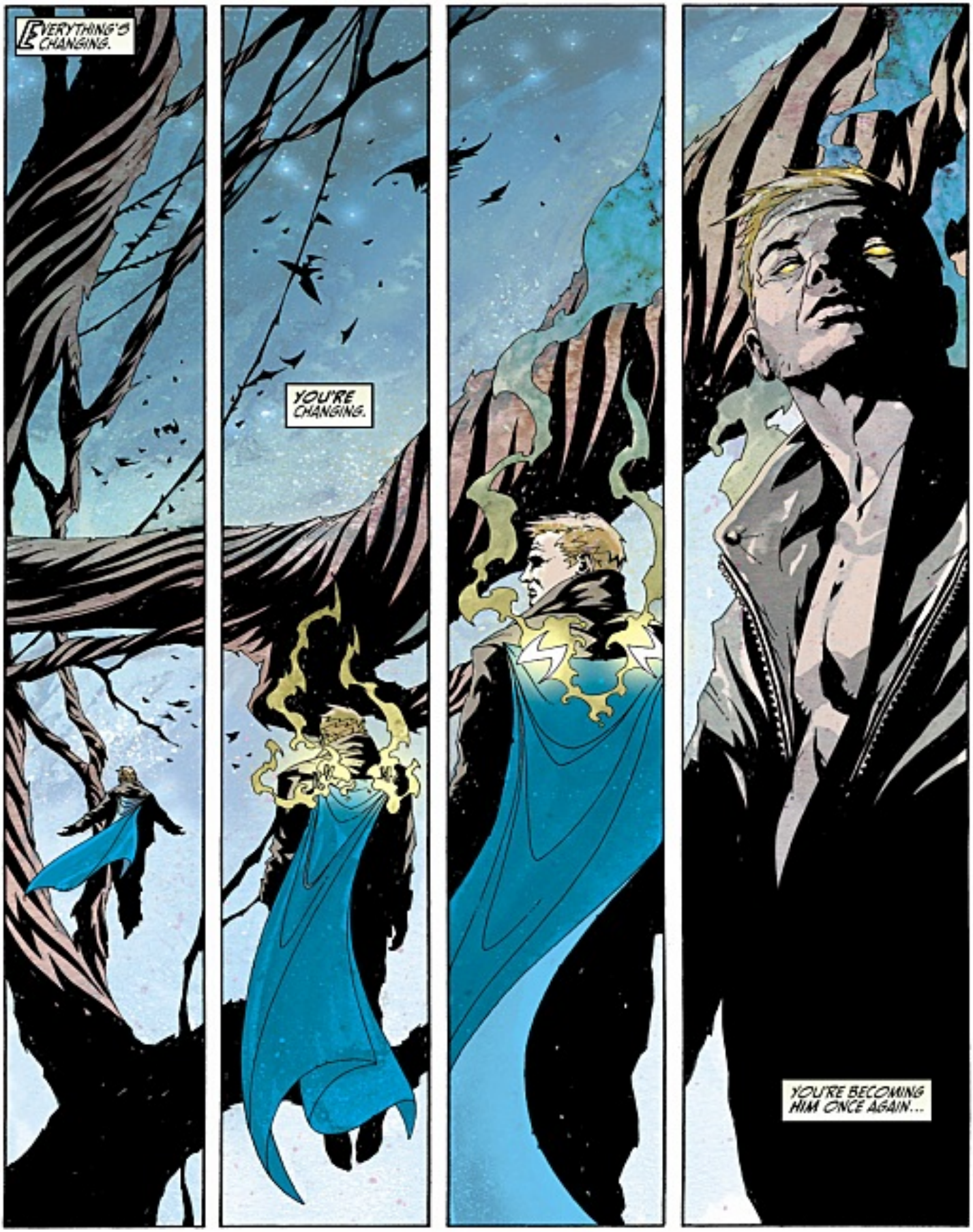
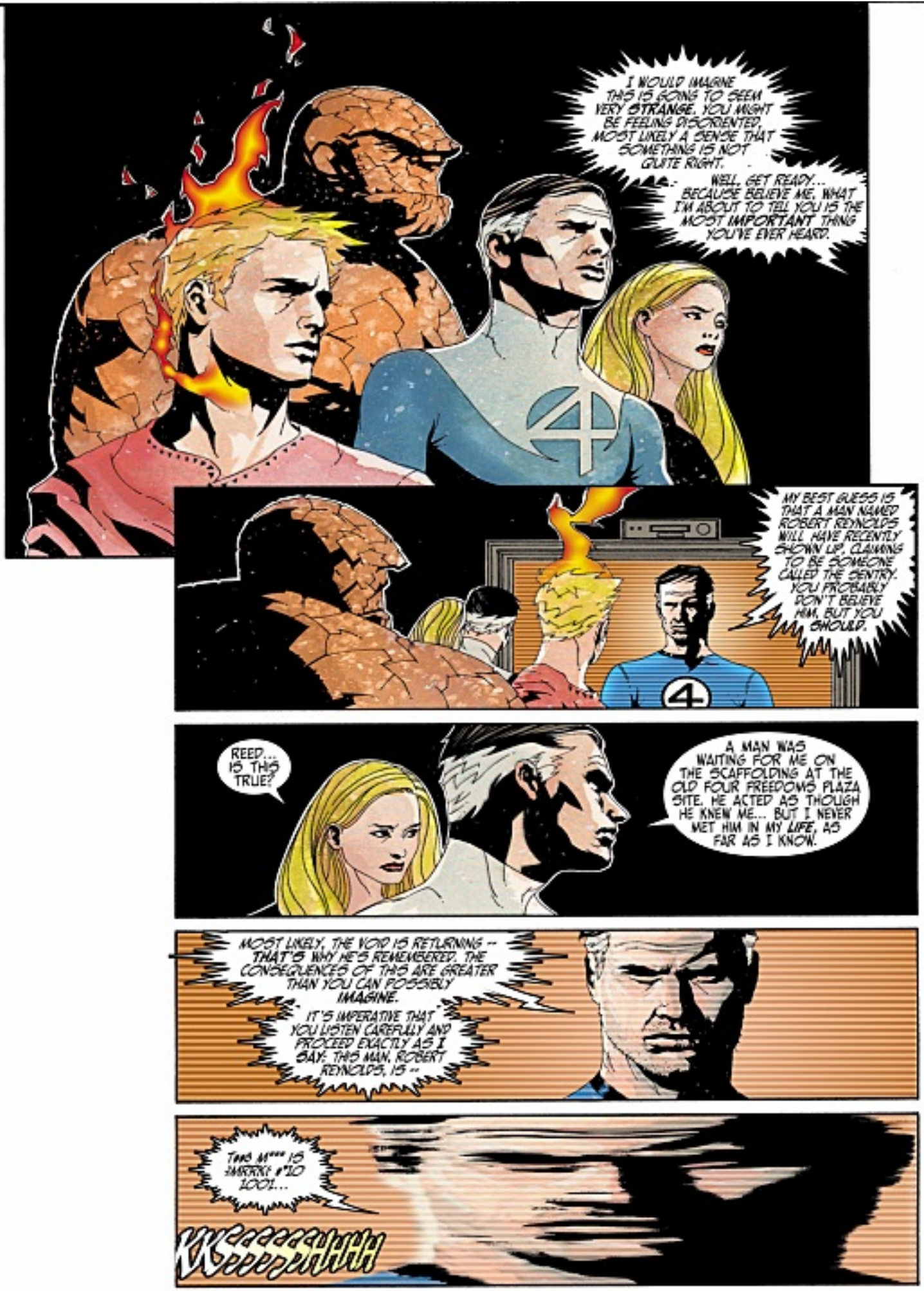

MARVEL
KNIGHTS
#3
THE SENTRY
™
JAE LEE


EVERYTHING'S CHANGING.
YOU'RE CHANGING.
YOU'RE BECOMING HIM ONCE AGAIN...

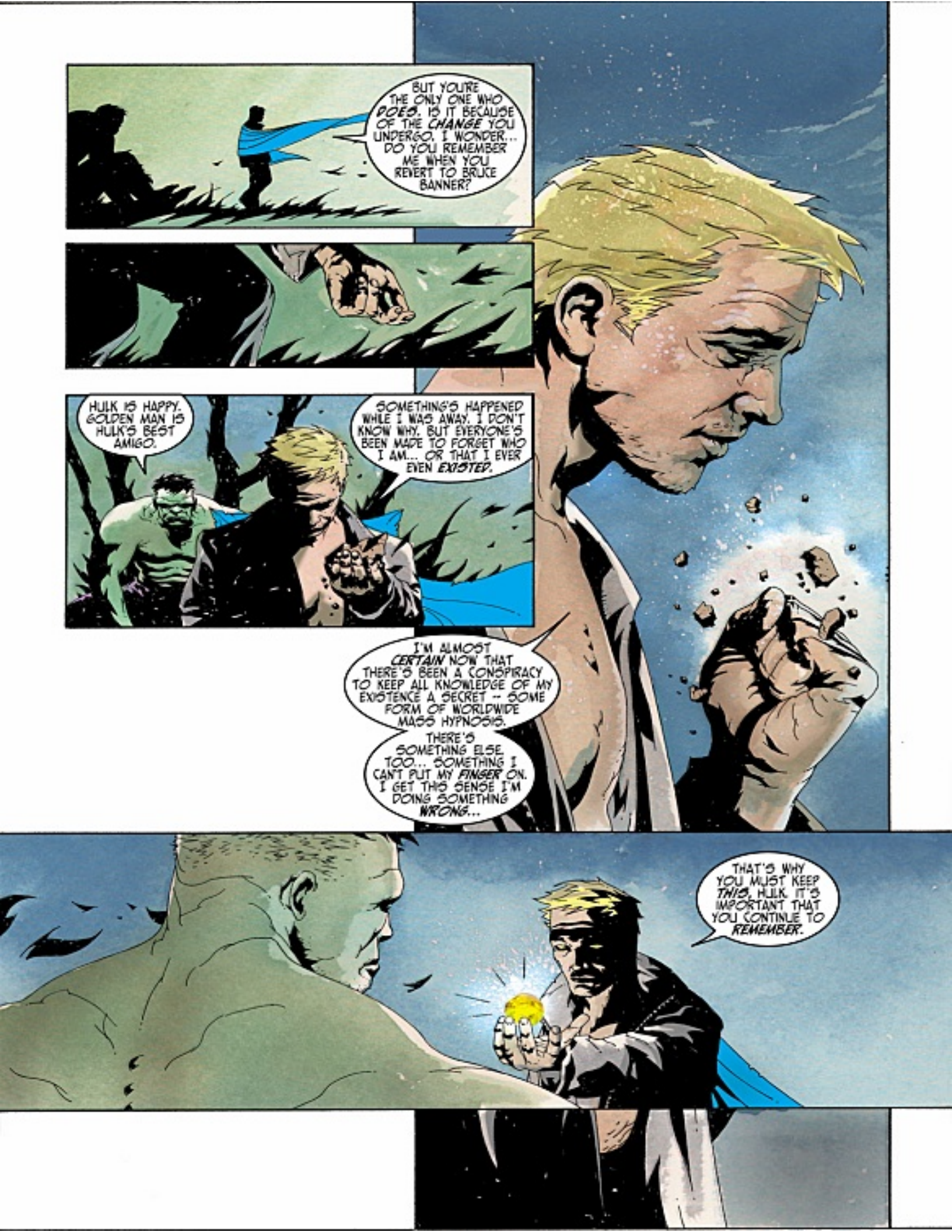
RR? WHO IS COME HERE? GO AWAY, PUNY LITTLE MAN. HULK WANTS TO BE ALONE.
IT'S ME, BRUCE...

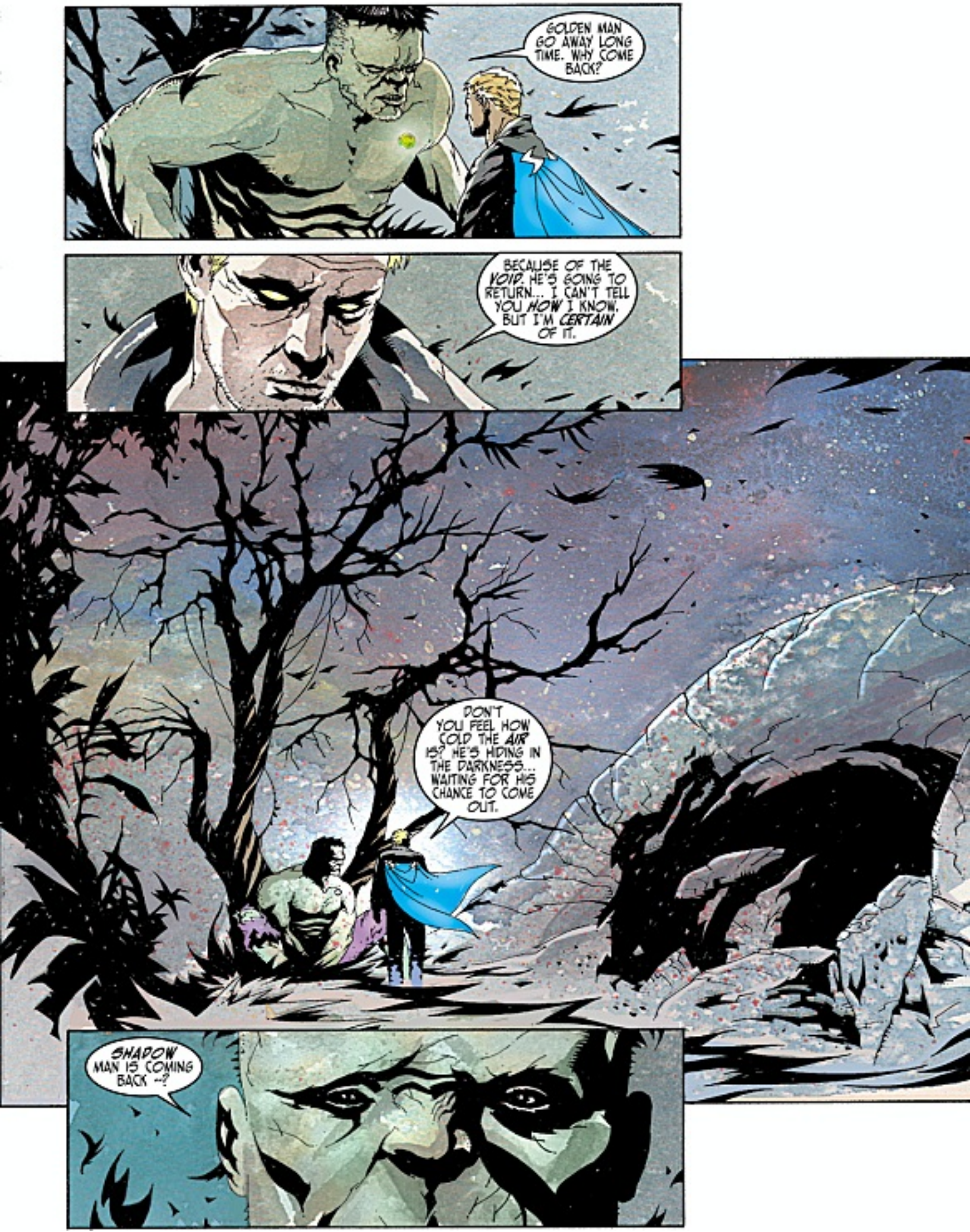
THE SENTRY ACT 3: THE PHOTOGRAPH
A STAN LEE PRESENTATION
HA-HAAAAA!
GOLDEN MAN!
PAUL JENKINS STORY
JAE LEE ART
JOSE VILLARRUBIA COLORS
RS&COMICRAFT'S WES ABBOTT LETTERS
JOE QUESADA EDITOR
NANCI DAKESIAN MANAGING EDITOR
BOB HARRAS EDITOR IN CHIEF


I WOULD IMAGINE THIS IS GOING TO SEEM VERY STRANGE. YOU MIGHT BE FEELING DISORIENTED. MOST LIKELY A SENSE THAT SOMETHING IS NOT QUITE RIGHT.
WELL, GET READY... BECAUSE BELIEVE ME, WHAT I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING YOU'VE EVER HEARD.
MY BEST GUESS IS THAT A MAN NAMED ROBERT REYNOLDS WILL HAVE RECENTLY SHOWN UP, CLAIMING TO BE SOMEONE CALLED THE SENTRY. YOU PROBABLY DON'T BELIEVE HIM, BUT YOU SHOULD.
REED... IS THIS TRUE?
A MAN WAS WAITING FOR ME ON THE SCAFFOLDING AT THE OLD FOUR FREEDOMS PLAZA SITE. HE ACTED AS THOUGH HE KNEW ME... BUT I NEVER MET HIM IN MY LIFE, AS FAR AS I KNOW.
MOST LIKELY, THE VOID IS RETURNING -- THAT'S WHY HE'S REMEMBERED. THE CONSEQUENCES OF THIS ARE GREATER THAN YOU CAN POSSIBLY IMAGINE.
IT'S IMPERATIVE THAT YOU LISTEN CAREFULLY AND PROCEED EXACTLY AS I SAY: THIS MAN, ROBERT REYNOLDS, IS --
THIS M**** IS [illegible] DO!
KKEEE

NOW WHAT? IT WUZ JUST GETTIN' INTERESTING --
I DUNNO. MAYBE THE TAPE GOT STUCK. HANG ON...
SONY
LOOK OUT --!
HEY, DON'T LOOK AT ME.

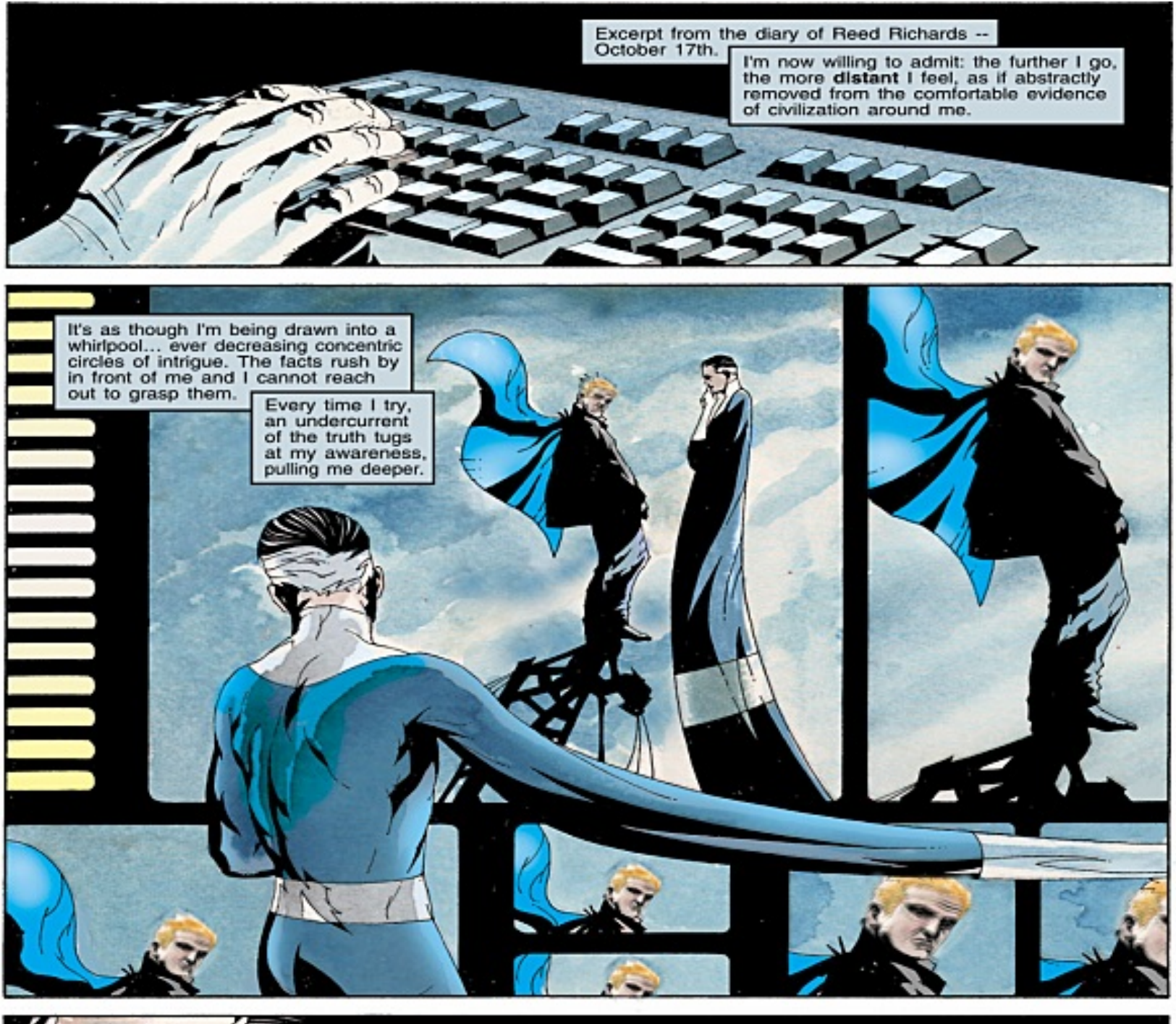
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU, BRUCE? YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE STAYED THIS WAY -- YOU SHOULD'VE *EVOLVED* BY NOW.
NO... HULK IS NOT BRUCE. HULK IS *HULK*.
HULK IS...
HULK IS *BRUCE*?
YES.
YES... HULK IS BRUCE -- BRUCE BANNER. HULK DID NOT REMEMBER BEFORE. NOT *THINK* SO GOOD, GOLDEN MAN.
SORRY.
IT'S OKAY, HULK. YOU THINK GOOD. YOU REMEMBERED *ME*, DIDN'T YOU?


BUT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO *DOES*. IS IT BECAUSE OF THE *CHANGE* YOU UNDERGO, I WONDER... DO YOU REMEMBER ME WHEN YOU REVERT TO BRUCE BANNER?
HULK IS HAPPY. GOLDEN MAN IS HULK'S BEST AMIGO.
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED WHILE I WAS AWAY. I DON'T KNOW WHY. BUT EVERYONE'S BEEN MADE TO FORGET WHO I AM... OR THAT I EVER EVEN *EXISTED*.
I'M ALMOST *CERTAIN* NOW THAT THERE'S BEEN A CONSPIRACY TO KEEP ALL KNOWLEDGE OF MY EXISTENCE A SECRET -- SOME FORM OF WORLDWIDE MASS HYPNOSIS.
THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE, TOO... SOMETHING I CAN'T PUT MY *FINGER* ON. I GET THIS SENSE I'M DOING SOMETHING *WRONG*...
THAT'S WHY YOU MUST KEEP *THIS*, HULK. IT'S IMPORTANT THAT YOU CONTINUE TO *REMEMBER*.


GOLDEN MAN GO AWAY LONG TIME. WHY COME BACK?
BECAUSE OF THE VOID. HE'S GOING TO RETURN... I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW I KNOW. BUT I'M CERTAIN OF IT.
DON'T YOU FEEL HOW COLD THE AIR IS? HE'S HIDING IN THE DARKNESS... WAITING FOR HIS CHANCE TO COME OUT.
SHADOW MAN IS COMING BACK -?

I KNOW YOU'RE SCARED, HULK -- I AM TOO. BUT THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO UNTIL THE VOID DECIDES TO SHOW HIMSELF.
I'LL NEED TO KNOW ONE THING: CAN I COUNT ON YOU...?
ALWAYS FOR GOLDEN MAN. HULK WILL BE BRAVEST THERE IS.
GOOD. WHEN THE TIME COMES, I'M GOING TO NEED YOU, OLD FRIEND. YOU AND ALL THE OTHERS.
I CAN'T LIE TO YOU, BRUCE... I ONCE PROMISED YOU I WOULD ALWAYS TELL YOU THE TRUTH.
THE TRUTH IS, THIS TIME IT'S GOING TO BE WORSE THAN EVER BEFORE.

MINISTER, I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTAND THE GRAVITY OF THIS SITUATION --
I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY, CAPTAIN. THESE PLAINS PEOPLE ARE SIMPLE, HONEST FOLK. BUT THEY SOIL THEMSELVES EVERY TIME THE RAINS COME FOR FEAR IT IS A MESSAGE FROM THE GODS.
IT'S MY LAMENTABLE DUTY AS MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR TO COME OUT HERE FROM TIME TO TIME... TO SMILE AND WAVE AND ALLAY THEIR FEARS.
CONSEQUENTLY, THEY'LL THINK I'M A POWERFUL MAN WHO CAN STAND UP TO THE FORCES OF DARKNESS. AND COME ELECTION TIME THEY'LL BE CLIMBING OVER THEMSELVES TO PLEASE ME.
SIR, IT'S NOT AS SIMPLE AS THAT. YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO PUT THIS ON... WE'VE QUARANTINED THE AREA.
QUARANTINE? OH, COME NOW, CAPTAIN -- ISN'T THAT A LITTLE DRASTIC? WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE --
OH, NO...

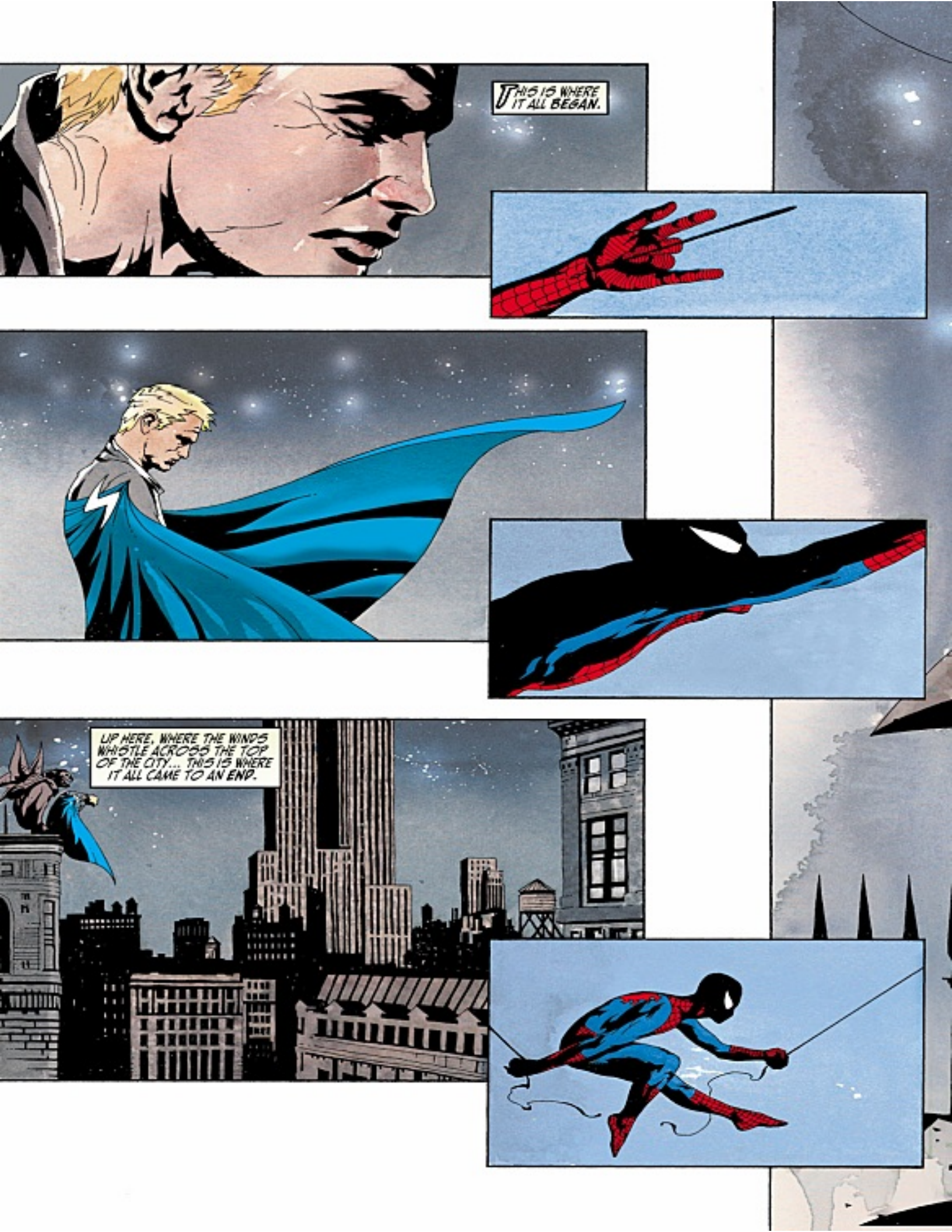

Excerpt from the diary of Reed Richards -- October 17th.
I'm now willing to admit: the further I go, the more **distant** I feel, as if abstractly removed from the comfortable evidence of civilization around me.
It's as though I'm being drawn into a whirlpool... ever decreasing concentric circles of intrigue. The facts rush by in front of me and I cannot reach out to grasp them.
Every time I try, an undercurrent of the truth tugs at my awareness, pulling me deeper.
Voice and video analysis confirms that Reynolds is who he **says** he is. But his social security number belongs to a man who died years ago.
MATCH PROBABILITY: 99.73%
REYNOLDS, ROBERT - DECEASED.
SUB BASEMENT FILE CROSS CHECK: SENTRY.
Whatever the truth, someone's gone to an awful lot of trouble to keep it **hidden**.

I have only one theory, which seems inapplicable upon further scrutiny.

If Reynolds was placed in the Federal Witness Protection Program, he doesn't seem to **remember** it. And that doesn't follow the modus operandi of the program itself.

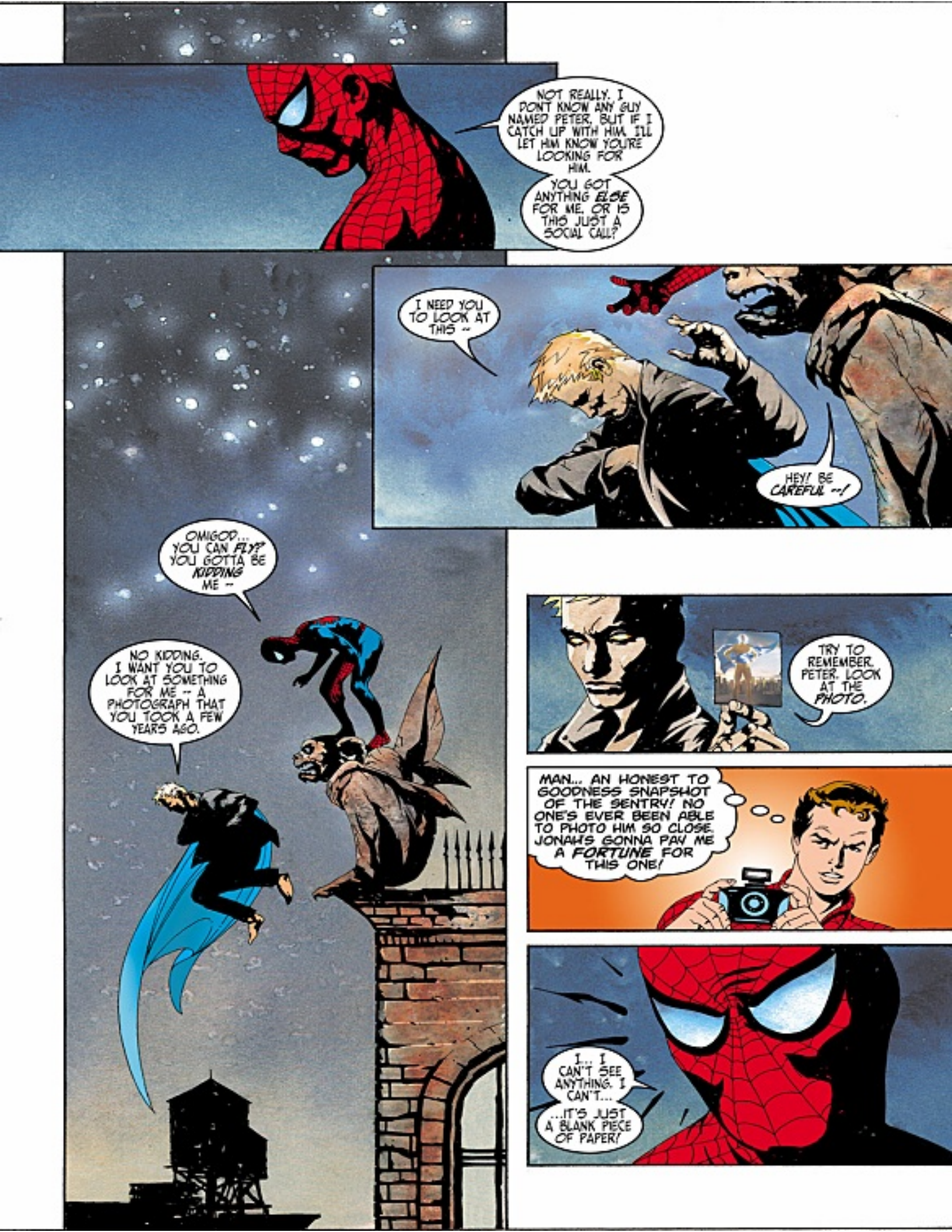
There's something else -- something impossibly disjunctive: a strange little notion that I keep trying to bury in the recesses of my mind, and which keeps resurfacing, unbidden.

For the first time since I was a child, I'm feeling an irrational fear of the **dark.**


THIS IS WHERE IT ALL BEGAN.
UP HERE, WHERE THE WINDS WHISTLE ACROSS THE TOP OF THE CITY... THIS IS WHERE IT ALL CAME TO AN END.

DO YOU EVER GET THE FEELING YOU'RE FORGETTING SOMETHING, PETER?

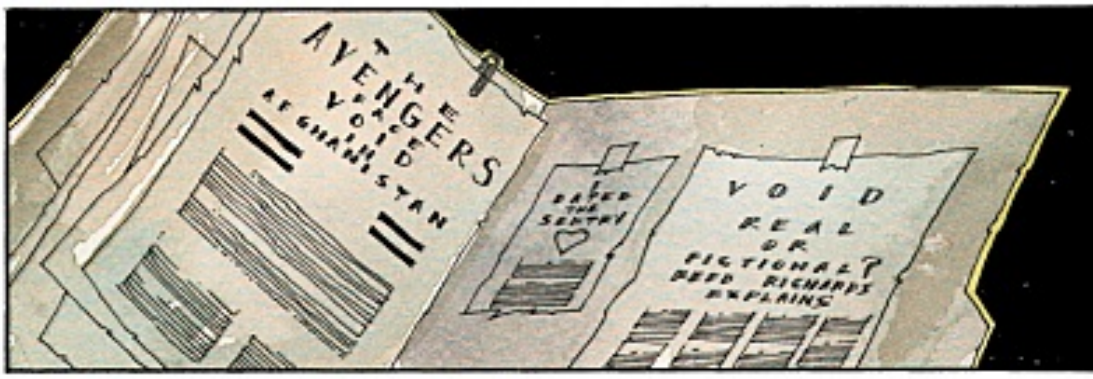
DO I KNOW YOU, OR SOMETHING?
"HEY, WEBHEAD -- YOU'RE A REAL SWINGER!"
YOU AIN'T DO BAD YOURSELF, GOLDEN BOY!
YOU OUGHT TO. I WON YOU A PULITZER PRIZE.
IT WAS, UH... A SKIT THEY DID ON THE TONIGHT SHOW.
YOU AND I MEET UP ON A BUILDING AND WE'RE BOTH TRYING TO PRETEND WE'RE NOT GAY, AND, UHM...
...I MEAN, YOU KNOW... IT WAS A JOKE.
I'M NOT MAKING ANY SENSE, AM I?


NOT REALLY. I DON'T KNOW ANY GUY NAMED PETER. BUT IF I CATCH UP WITH HIM, I'LL LET HIM KNOW YOU'RE LOOKING FOR HIM.
YOU GOT ANYTHING ELSE FOR ME, OR IS THIS JUST A SOCIAL CALL?
I NEED YOU TO LOOK AT THIS --
HEY! BE CAREFUL --!
OMIGOD... YOU CAN FLY?! YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME --
NO KIDDING. I WANT YOU TO LOOK AT SOMETHING FOR ME -- A PHOTOGRAPH THAT YOU TOOK A FEW YEARS AGO.
TRY TO REMEMBER, PETER. LOOK AT THE PHOTO.
MAN... AN HONEST TO GOODNESS SNAPSHOT OF THE SENTRY! NO ONE'S EVER BEEN ABLE TO PHOTO HIM SO CLOSE. JONAH'S GONNA PAY ME A FORTUNE FOR THIS ONE!
I... I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING. I CAN'T...
...IT'S JUST A BLANK PIECE OF PAPER!

LOOK AT THE PHOTO, PETER. LOOK AT IT --
WHO ARE YOU?
OKAY... I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU STRAIGHT. MY NAME IS BOB REYNOLDS -- YOU KNOW ME AS THE SENTRY.
THE LAST TIME WE SAW EACH OTHER, YOU WERE WORKING FOR THE DAILY BUGLE AS A PHOTOGRAPHER. YOU TOOK THIS PHOTO OF ME.
AS SPIDER-MAN, YOU ONCE HELPED ME DEFEAT THE VOID WHEN HE WENT INTO LEAGUE WITH WILSON FISK. FISK HAD CONTROL OF MY MIND... YOU STOPPED HIM BEFORE I WENT BERSERK.
YOU'VE GOT TO REMEMBER, PETER. PLEASE...
WHAT THE..? SENTRY!
STAY BACK, INSECT. THIS IS NOT YOUR AFFAIR.
OKAY... I REMEMBER. YEAH... IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME NOW.
YOU'RE A FRUITCAKE. THAT'S IT.

TELL YOU WHAT, "BOB": I'LL ADMIT THE FLYING THING'S A PRETTY NEAT TRICK...
...BUT IT'S NOT AS THOUGH I'VE NEVER SEEN THAT ONE BEFORE.
YOU TELL MYSTERIO IF HE'S GOT SOMETHING TO SAY TO ME, HE CAN TELL ME HIMSELF. I'M GOING HOME NOW.
NO, PETER... WAIT! YOU'RE TRYING TO IGNORE ME BECAUSE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO. YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME.
GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON --
DID YOU EVER NOTICE HOW SOME COPIES OF CLARION AND TIME AND LIFE MAGAZINE ARE MISNUMBERED? EVER WONDER WHY?
CHECK THE MISNUMBERED COPIES, PETER. FIND OUT WHY THE MAGAZINES DON'T RUN IN SEQUENCE!
THEN YOU'LL HAVE YOUR REASON..!

SENTRY AVERTS MINE SHAFT DISASTER


THE AVENGERS VANISH VOID AFGHANISTAN
BARED THE SENTRY
VOID REAL OR FICTIONAL? REED RICHARDS EXPLAINS

YES. HE DOES EXIST.

THE FACT THAT YOU OF ALL PEOPLE SHOULD APPEAR DURING THE COURSE OF ANY ENDEAVOR MAGNIFIES THE IMPORTANCE OF IT *TENFOLD*. HAVE I *FOUND* SOMETHING, STEVEN?
YOU ONCE TOLD ME, REED RICHARDS, THAT IF YOU WERE EVER TO *ASK* ME THAT QUESTION, I SHOULD TRY TO CONVINCE YOU NOT TO LISTEN TO THE *ANSWER*.
WE BOTH KNEW, OF COURSE, THIS WOULD BE AN IMPOSSIBLE UNDERTAKING.
THIS MAN... I FEEL AS THOUGH I *KNOW* HIM. WHO IS HE?
YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW.
AND YET, YOU *WILL* KNOW.
SOON, THE WHOLE WORLD IS GOING TO AWAKEN AND WISH THEY HAD REMAINED IN THEIR DREAM. AND THERE IS NOTHING EVEN *I* CAN DO TO STOP IT.
YOU ARE A MAN FULL OF CURIOSITY. ALWAYS. THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE... YOU CANNOT HELP BUT BE INTRIGUED BY WHAT YOU SEE AND INTUIT.
SMALL PIECES OF A PUZZLE. YOU WANT THE REMAINING PIECES SO THAT YOU CAN MAKE A WHOLE. BUT ARE YOU WILLING TO ACCEPT THE *COST*?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT AM I CHOOSING?
...OR TO PUT DOWN THE FOLDERS AND TRY TO FORGET YOU EVER *FOUND* THEM. THE CHOICE IS YOURS.
ONLY *YOU* CAN DECIDE NOW, RICHARDS -- TO PROCEED...
HOW OUR UNIVERSE WILL *END*.